

Some Indiana
Writers
and Poets

INDIANA COLLECTION

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Some Indiana Writers and Poets



EDITED BY
ALONZO RICE

Literature is the thought of thinking souls.—*Carlyle.*

MARION, INDIANA
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1908

To the
Teachers of the State of Indiana this
volume is respectfully dedicated

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James Whitcomb Riley

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY is a native-born Hoosier, and we are all glad of it! Mr. Riley's father was a country lawyer, and possessed some literary ability. His mother was the daughter of Rev. John Marine. She was born in the State of North Carolina, and came to this State with her father in 1823 when she was about ten years old. Later, while residing with an aunt in Muncie, she formed the acquaintance of Reuben A. Riley, and they were married, and in 1844 located in Greenfield, where she resided until her death, at the age of forty-six years.

The Marines were talented people, some of them being more or less prominent in literary and art circles of their time; one having been a very successful portrait painter. Mrs. Riley herself was a talented woman, and is still remembered for her literary ability; but more for her amiable character and beautiful life. There is no doubt that the poet inherited many of his mother's traits, especially her taste for literature and art, and perhaps, too, his abilities in those directions.

Reuben A. Riley was a native of Pennsylvania. He was possessed of more than ordinary eloquence as a speaker, and his striking oratory is remembered with admiration by all who ever heard him. If the poet inherited his artistic and poetic talent from his mother and her people, he undoubtedly received his extraordinary command of language from his father.

The old Riley homestead is located at Greenfield. It is a plain, unpretentious building, after the pattern of houses that are built more for comfort than show. The house where the poet was born has long been torn down, but the present building is located nearly where it stood. The house has had some additions made to it, but Mr. Riley, with scrupulous care, has not allowed these to change its former condition and appearance. The carpenters wanted to make an addition to the house, and thought it could be best effected by closing up the porch. Mr. Riley walked out upon the porch with a troubled air, and remarked: "It will not do to close this up. Why, here is where we e't on the porch." So the porch is there yet. When the house was built the parlor was left in an uncompleted state; it now serves for a storing place for apples, potatoes, and corn. On his visits there the poet gets a pan, and says: "I am going to the parlor for a pan of apples." Here also is a marvelous well that he says is so deep that the bottom is no larger than a tea cup! It is surely a characteristic attribute of his loving nature that he would thus keep inviolate the sanctuary of his early childhood.

Mr. Riley is the author of the following books: Neighborly Poems, Sketches in Prose, Afterwhiles, Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury, Rhymes of Childhood, The Flying Islands of the Night, Green Fields and Running Brooks, Armazindy, A Child-World, Home-Folks, His Pa's Romance, Morning, Old-Fashioned Roses, The Golden Year, Riley Child-Rhymes, Riley Love Lyrics, Riley Farm-Rhymes, Riley Songs o' Cheer, An Old Sweetheart of Mine, Out to Old Aunt Mary's, A Defective Santa Claus, While the Heart Beats Young, and The Raggedy Man.

DEC 6 1941



A Dream of Autumn

James Whitcomb Riley

*M*ELLOW hazes, lowly trailing,
 Over wood and meadow, veiling
 Somber skies, with wildfowl sailing
 Sailor-like to foreign lands.
 And the north-wind overleaping
 Summer's brink, and floodlike sweeping
 Wrecks of roses where the weeping
 Willows wring their helpless hands.

Flared, like Titan torches flinging
 Flakes of flame and embers, springing
 From the vale the trees stand swinging
 In the moaning atmosphere;
 While in dead'ning-lands the lowing
 Of the cattle, sadder growing,
 Fills the sense to overflowing
 With the sorrow of the year.

Sorrowfully, yet the sweeter
 Sings the brook in rippled meter
 Under boughs that lithely teeter
 Lorn birds, answering from the shores
 Through the viny, shady-shiny
 Interspaces, shot with tiny
 Flying motes that fleck the winy
 Wave-engraven sycamores.

Fields of ragged stubble, wrangled
 With rank weeds, and shocks of tangled
 Corn, with crests like rent plumes dangled
 Over Harvest's battle-plain;
 And the sudden whir and whistle
 Of the quail that, like a missile,
 Whizzes over thorn and thistle,
 And, a missile, drops again.

Muffled voices, hid in thickets
 Where the redbird stops to stick its
 Ruddy beak between the pickets
 Of the truant's rustic trap;
 And the sound of laughter ringing
 Where, within the wild-vine swinging,
 Climb Bacchante's schoolmates, flinging
 Purple clusters in her lap.

Rich as wine, the sunset flashes
 Round the tilted world, and dashes
 Upon the sloping west and splashes
 Red foam over sky and sea—
 Till my dream of Autumn, paling
 In the splendor all-prevailing
 Like a fallow leaf goes sailing
 Down the silence solemnly.

Mrs. Juliet V. Strauss

MRS STRAUSS is a native of Rockville, where she was born January 7, 1863, and where she has lived continuously ever since. She attended the public schools of Rockville, but stopped short of graduation. She was married December 22, 1881, to Isaac R. Strauss who shortly after became editor of the Rockville Tribune. That



JULIET V. STRAUSS

was nearly thirty years ago, Mrs. Strauss has written something for nearly every issue of the paper since. This long schooling in pen work has been the education of the woman who now has a national reputation as "The Country Contributor."

For many years Mrs. Strauss wrote for the Indianapolis Journal, which was one of the high class papers of the times, and for various other publications, though her work did not attract general notice until about five years ago when she began writing regularly for the Indianapolis News under the pseudonym of "The Country Contributor." This work at once struck a popular chord, and Mrs. Strauss received letters from all over the United States, and even from foreign countries. Three years ago she began writing for the

Ladies' Home Journal. At present she is contributing, besides her usual column in the Rockville Tribune, to the Indianapolis News, the Chicago Journal, and the Ladies' Home Journal. It has been said of this popular writer that she now stands in a field practically alone, having brought the essay into the home of the average reader.

"The Country Contributor" has so far published but one book—a little volume of essays which epitomizes her best thoughts regarding woman's life.

A sentence strongly characteristic of this author's life, we find in her essays, "I do not care much for culture—I like naturalness so much better." This may be inferred from a choice bit of description taken from a recent article in the Indianapolis News:

When we come out to start home a summery-looking cloud was lifting in the West, showing a fringe of rain at its edge over a streak of palest primrose sky. I dearly love to ride in the rain, to hear the big thunder and smell the ineffable deep sea suggestion of the storm. Some way I was reminded of Jacob's ladder. The lightning seemed to present a zigzag stair for the descent of heavenly visitants. What if the angel who came down that dizzy height when the heavens opened before us had laid his wand against my heart? What better time to go? I always pray when there is thunder and the warm spring rain, but it is not a prayer of fear and trembling. It is a rejoicing prayer.

Meredith Nicholson

MEREDITH NICHOLSON was born in Crawfordsville, Indiana, December 9, 1866. His parents removed to Indianapolis when he was still very young, and with the exception of a few years spent in Denver, Colorado, he has resided in that city.

For several years Mr. Nicholson was a reporter for the Indianapolis Sentinel, and then for ten years he was on the editorial staff of the Indianapolis News. He has contributed prose and poetry to various periodicals, including the Century, Harper's, New England Magazine, Critic, and Chap Book.

The formal education Mr. Nicholson received was in the public schools of Indianapolis, which he quit in the first year of High School. He then worked for three years in job printing offices, learned stenography, read law for a couple of years in an office where nobody cared if he read poetry; at eighteen took a prize offered by the Chicago Tribune for a short story, studied languages with a private tutor, and then went into the newspaper business for twelve years, beginning as police reporter



MEREDITH NICHOLSON

and becoming in due course an editorial writer and book reviewer. He has written much verse, and put forth a book of poems, "Short Flights," at twenty-two.

Mr. Nicholson is the author of the following books: The Hoosiers, The Main Chance, Zelda Dameron, The House of a Thousand Candles, Port of Missing Men, Rosalind at the Red Gate, Poems.

Mr. Nicholson's best known poem is "Simplicity," from which we take the following lines:

But may I never face a dawn
With all the awe and wonder gone,
Or in late twilight fail to see
Charm in the stars' old sorcery.

The following lines are from "Christmas in the Pines:"

Save for a lad's song, far and faint,
There is no sound in all the wood;
The murmuring pines are still; their plaint
At last was heard and understood.

Here floats no chime of Christmas bell,
There is no voice to give me cheer;
But through the pine wood all is well,
For God and love and peace are here

Albert J. Beveridge

SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE was born on a farm on the border of Adams and Highland counties, Ohio, October 6, 1862. After the close of the war the family removed to Illinois, and young Beveridge attended the common and high schools of Sullivan. In 1885 he graduated from DePauw University.



SENATOR BEVERIDGE

A historical sketch thus sums up his career: From age of twelve led a life of privations; plowboy at twelve, logger and teamster at fifteen, then attended high school. Read law in the office of Senator McDonald, and became managing clerk; admitted to the bar and was associated with McDonald and Butler until he began to practice for himself. He has been identified with many important cases, is well known as an orator and Republican campaign speaker. "The Russian Advance," "The Young Man and the World" and "The Meaning of the Times," are books written by Senator Beveridge. He is also a frequent contributor to magazines, especially the Saturday Evening Post. Senator Beveridge is a vigorous writer. He

could be nothing else. He goes to the bottom of things and gives the reader something to think about and stimulates him to action. While a student in DePauw University Mr. Beveridge never allowed an opportunity to enter a contest pass and won enough prizes while a student to pay his expenses for two years in college. It is a principle with him never to sacrifice labor for pleasure, nor permit discouragement to disqualify him for work.

His book, "The Young Man and the World," should be read by all young men and women and it would be an inspiration to most of the older ones. The following is from "The Young Man and the World."

Be honest with the world and the world will be honest with you. This is the fundamental truth of all real prosperity and happiness. For the purposes of every man's daily affairs all other maxims are to this central verity as the branches of a tree to its rooted trunk.

The world will be honest with you whether you are honest with it or not. You cannot trick it—remember that. If you try it, the world will punish you when it discovers your fraud. But be honest with the world from nobler motives than prudence.

Prudence will not make you be honest; it will only make you act honest. And you must be honest.

I do not mean that lowest form of honesty which bids you keep your hands clean of another's goods or money; I do not mean that you shall not be a "grafter," to use the foul and sinister word which certain base practices have recently compelled us to coin. Of course you will be honest in a money sense.

Elizabeth Miller

ELIZABETH MILLER has the distinction of being the youngest of the Indiana group, having leaped into the literary arena, full-armed when barely out of her 'teens. This is not remarkable when the long years of preparation are considered, beginning with the first manifestation of literary instinct when she was a child. Her education in the public schools and in Butler College was directed along the line of letters and her natural inclination toward classics shaped her choice of field early in her studies. The first newspaper comment on her work was made on a short story in early English dialect published in a school-paper during her first year in High School. While a Freshman at Butler she began to write verse and letters of travel for the Indianapolis News. In 1901 without previous experience in novel-writing she began "The Yoke," a story of the Exodus, upon the frame-work of a plot constructed by her brother, Percy Miller. As the product of an exceedingly young and hitherto unknown writer the novel was subjected to the closest scrutiny by ministers, archaeologists and newspaper men while it was in the form of advance sheets and was finally published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company with the commendation of fifteen hundred prominent ministers, educators, professional men and literary editors of the country.



ELIZABETH MILLER

The same year the young author entered into contract with the publishing house for "Saul of Tarsus" which was produced in 1906. In less than two years time her third novel completing a definite trilogy was issued under the title, "The City of Delight." These three books setting forth the rise, triumph and decline of Judaism place the young author close to the top among the list of writers of modern classics of today. Her great strength lies in her ability to produce "atmosphere" and in a certain acute sense of values in reproducing scenes of the Orient.

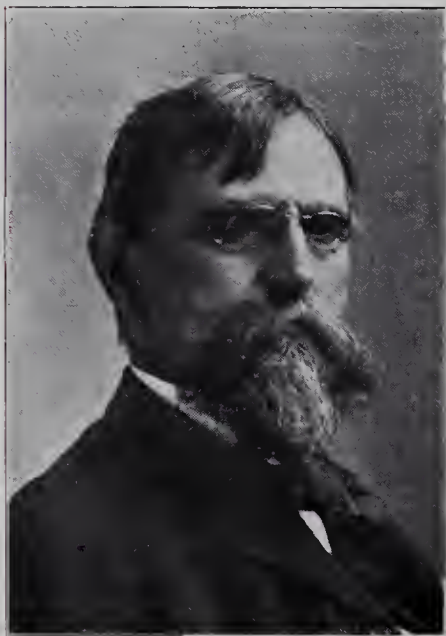
"THE FIRST MARTYR"—Saul of Tarsus.

Dust arose and obscured everything but the flash of arms and armor which rived through it like lightning in a cloud. The uproar began to subside and presently the laughter and jest of the soldiers mounted above the protest. Fainter and fainter grew the cries, fewer the sounds of flying feet and at last, strong, harsh and biting as the clang of a sledge upon metal, the command of the centurion to fall in settled even the shouts of the soldiers.

There was the musical even ring of whetting armor as the column filed back through Hamaeleel and silence. The man in scarlet moved out into the road

General Lew Wallace

GENERAL LEW WALLACE achieved fame as the author of "Ben Hur." Hon. B. S. Parker says of him: "The author of "Ben Hur," is one of the most splendid figures of our epoch. Lawyer, senator, soldier, consul, and author, he has a varied faculty, a various and commanding force of speech and action. His "Fair God," a story



GENERAL LEW WALLACE

of the conquest of Mexico, was read with admiration long before "Ben Hur" was written; but it possessed no special charm of prophecy, and "Ben Hur" had almost run its little course when its genius was discovered, and the sales, which had ceased at 3,000, again began, until more than 1,000,000 copies have been sold. It has been published in the following languages: German, Bohemian, French, Swedish, Turkish, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and Arabic. Ben-Hur has also been dramatized and is one of the most spectacular plays ever staged. The book, Ben-Hur, grew out of a talk that Gen. Wallace had with Robert G. Ingersoll, the great infidel, on God, Christ and Immortality. The story is especially interesting to all

Christian people, and sufficiently dramatic to attract the attention of those who otherwise would care little for a story of the Christ. It has been said that Mr. Wallace himself changed his views on Christianity while searching for material to perfect the story.

The desert scene, where the three wise men meet, at the opening of the book, by many critics pronounced the finest in literature, was written before Mr. Wallace visited the lands which he so perfectly describes. Then came "The Life of Benjamin Harrison," "The Boyhood of Christ," and "The Prince of India;" but "Ben-Hur" is still the keystone in the arch of Wallace's fame.

The following "Song" is from "Ben-Hur: "

Wake not, but hear me, love!
Adrift, adrift on slumber's sea,
Thy spirit call to list to me.
Wake not, but hear me, love!
A gift from Sleep, the restful kir.
All happy, happy dreams I bring.

Wake not, but hear me, love!
Of all the world of dreams 'tis thine
This once to choose the most divine.
So choose, and sleep, my love!
But ne'er again in choice be free
Unless, unless—thou dream'st of me

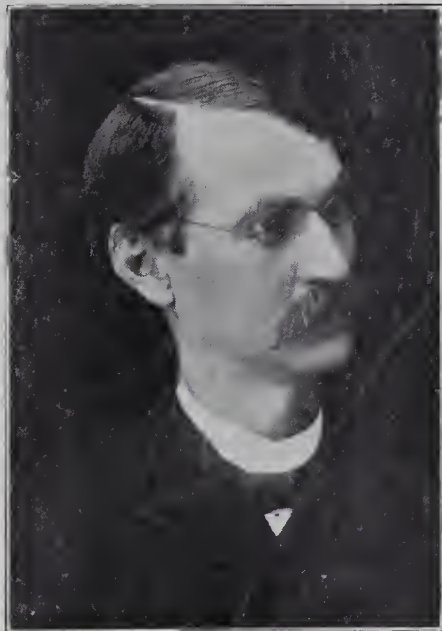
James Newton Mathews

DR. JAMES NEWTON MATHEWS, the "Poet of the Prairies," is a native of Indiana; he was born near Greencastle, in 1852. On his father's side he is a descendant from one of the first families of Virginia; Thomas Mathews, a Colonial Governor, being an ancestor. He removed from the State with his parents while yet but a mere lad. After the close of his primary school days he returned to the State of his birth long enough to graduate from DePauw University. He also graduated at the University of Illinois at the age of twenty. He subsequently studied medicine, and has practiced that profession since 1876.

Literary work has been his recreation. His poetry is so penetrating and sweet, and so thrilled and thrilling with the tingling taste of wild spices, and the aroma of wild life, the voices and songs of untamed nature, and the wholesomeness and heartsomeness of unspoiled souls, that the people love him for what he is and what he sings. He brings a love of beauty, of the out-of-doors, of legend and myth, of those wise old stories the hearts of men have told each other through the generations, seeking to translate the material world into spiritual meanings that should minister to the needs of the soul. We love his works for "the beauty of many of the songs and as a sweet and agreeable utterance in a silent day."

Dr. Mathews has been a contributor of poems to many of the leading publications of the day. A volume of his verse was issued in 1888, entitled "Tempe Vale."

Nothing could be more charming with fancy and felicitous phrase than his sonnet, entitled



JAMES NEWTON MATHEWS

A NIGHT IN NOVEMBER.

The lady moon lies coffined in a cloud;
The winds are up, and from the sobbing boughs
The last leaves fall; far off, a wild goose plows
The slanting sky, with ululations loud,
Like a lost soul; the browning woods are bowed
With dreams of shattered splendor half adrowse,
A leaf-choked stream steals round the frosty brows
Of amber hills, that northward nudge and crowd.
Adown the air, at intervals, is borne
The far, faint blast of Boreal bugles, like
The dim and distant murmur of a vast
Invading army, gathering strength to strike—
God shield the poor, the houseless and forlorn.
Ere winter's vassals find and bind them fast!

Enos Boyd Heiney

'Pray, tell me what do you believe
Will be the fate of those who burn
Their incense at the Muses' shrine?
Will they in the hereafter grieve
That in their youth they did not turn
A deaf ear to the mystic Nine? "

ENOS BOYD HEINEY is a Hoosier, his early childhood's home being located in Huntington county where his youthful days were spent upon a farm. He was educated for a teacher, in which profession he has succeeded well, being at this time the principal of one of the important schools of the city of Huntington. He says, "I



ENOS BOYD HEINEY

have been a teacher ever since I can remember." However, he has often found time to court the Muses, and to fashion some of the things the readers of papers and magazines like so well to read. Yet he says, "I never had the slightest suspicion that I was a poet or a genius of any sort."

Mr. Heiney is happily married, and with his accomplished wife and little family is certainly enjoying the heyday of life. He is an occasional contributor of verse to the Indianapolis papers and other publications, and some of his poems have met with decided favor. He is a lover of poetry, and gives more time to the study of it than to efforts to produce it. He takes a deep interest in the

literature of the State. He was one of the editors of "Poets and Poetry of Indiana." He has published two little books: "Solamonie and Other Rhymes," and "Friends Ysame."

CUPID'S ROSE.

A rosebud that Cupid had tossed
Into Psyche's lap was pressed
In her ardent hands awhile to her breast,
Kissed, twined in her hair and lost.

At the break of the golden dawn
She sought, through the dewy morn,
For her rose and found dead leaves and a thorn
But the rosebud she loved was gone.

But its blush had crimsoned her breast,
Her lips and her cheeks—the air
All around was filled with a fragrance rare
And her soul with a strange unrest.

Frank McKinney Hubbard

"Dear gazer on the brighter half
Of this prosaic world of ours,
Who always thinks it best to laugh,
And pluck sweet flowers;
The kind influence of your hand
And voice will ever lead us on
Through shadowed spaces till we stan
On heights of dawn!"

IN the big double section where the Hoosier delegation sits there is always a cozy corner for "Kin" Hubbard, a Buckeye by birth but now a naturalized Hoosier. Mr. Hubbard was born in Bellefontaine, Ohio, and after a common school education, he learned the printer's trade; but he has never followed it as a profession. He has been employed as a caricaturist in Westfield, Ohio, Cincinnati, Dayton, and Indianapolis. His connection with the News commenced eight years ago.

By the law of association it will be easy to remember when the first sketch of "Abe Martin" appeared. Mr. Hubbard says, "The day after Parker's defeat I started Abe Martin, and it has appeared daily ever since with Abe in a different pose each day."

Mr. Hubbard published his first book two years ago; it was called "Abe Martin's Sayings." His second book appeared last December; this was named "Abe Martin's Almanac." These books had phenomenal sales, the critics were unhorsed, and Laughter was seen holding both his sides.

Indeed it might be said of "Abe,"

His hand is clasped by Laughter gay,
And smiles compose his retinue!

It is Mr. Hubbard's intention to publish an almanac each year, just before Christmas. He says, "I only claim to be a close observer and touch home with my items in a friendly way."

Had Shakespeare lived now, no doubt he would have set down in his catalogue of "wasteful and ridiculous excess" any words that would try to raise the estimation of "Abe Martin."

A choice bit of homely philosophy is this, "Th' day o' th' rail splitter has gone glimmerin', an' it hain't likely that a feller that has stretched wire fences will ever be President. Ther hain't no health resorts fer a guilty conscience."



FRANK MCKINNEY HUBBARD

Mrs. Ollah Perkins Toph

MRS. TOPH was born in Rushville, Indiana, but with the exception of two years has lived in Indianapolis. She began writing when she was seventeen years old; her writings comprise essays, stories and verse, which have appeared in various newspapers and magazines from time to time.



OLLAH PERKINS TOPH

A writer says of Mrs. Toph's work: "The serious side of life always appeals to her, and her verses, although hopeful, are generally of a thoughtful nature, teaching us that our sorrows and disappointments are but steps to lead the soul to its ultimate development."

Mentally the dreamful and occult appeal to her, but she has lived a practical business life for fifteen years. She believes in clubs for women, and is a member of the Monday Afternoon Literary Club, of Indianapolis. In religion she believes in following the guidance of reason, and in thinking for oneself. She loves flowers, music, and old books; the fields rather than the city streets; and the souls that dwell in quiet ways.

Mrs. Toph's creed is gracefully set forth in the following quatrain:

This then my creed: To do the best I can
And grant such right to every other man;
To live so my attending angel be
Not less the angel for his walk with me.

Although a very busy woman, Mrs. Toph finds time to devote to her literary pursuits. In the following lines there are a "lute note and a pulse of love" for Nature and her ways:

THE UNVEILING.

I grope toward a hope that I'm nearing spring,
Feel my steps blindly—but yet, there's a way
About Mother Earth as if laughter lay
Just back of her ripe lips, ready to fling
A madder, merrier joy than could wing
From heart of man in a year and a day.
Green draperies flutter and swing and sway
To poise of her dance with the sun—and sing!—
Hark! breath of a hush, then glad gush and rush
Of pipings of birds; and everywhere
Expectancy tiptoeing throbbing air,
And wild lawless longings that almost crush
Restraint, to be gypsying some far place—
I know!—Spring's lifting her veil from her face

Joaquin Miller

JOAQUIN (Cincinnatus Heine) MILLER, the "Poet of the Sierras," was born near Liberty, Union county, Indiana, in 1834.

"Poets and Poetry of Indiana" says this of him and his work: "He removed to the far West with his parents when less than ten years of age. Thenceforth his teachers were the great solitudes, the mighty mountains, the wide plains, and rushing torrents.

He grew up amid, and was inspired by, picturesque scenes and romantic conditions. His genius was equal to the demands they made upon it, and no poet ever filled his mission and dreamed and sung up to its great possibilities more successfully than he has done. He is one of America's very great poets, and it is little to our credit that he was forced to win his spurs in England before the land of his birth would listen to his song.

Miller is one of those rare beings of whom you cannot say that he was educated at this school or yonder college. Like that other Miller who made geology as attractive as romance, his teachers were the forces and phenomena of nature, and he learned his lessons well.

If he is old and gray, it is largely the result of his restless life of adventure, exposure, and toil. His mountain home near Oakland, California, overlooking sea and plain, is singularly suited to the character of the man and his genius."

The first and last stanzas of Mr. Miller's well known poem, "The Great Discoverer," is as follows:

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray
For lo, the very stars are gone.
Brave Admr'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on, sail on, and on.'"

* * * *

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, the night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew; a starlit flag unfurled.
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its greatest lesson, "On and on"



JOAQUIN MILLER

Charles Major

CHARLES MAJOR was born in Indianapolis, July 25, 1856, in a house that stood where the magnificent City Library building now stands. The family moved to Shelbyville in 1869, the young Charles being then in his fourteenth year. There they have lived continuously since.

The boy was immediately sent to the public schools, and was graduated in the spring of 1872. His



CHARLES MAJOR

class oration was notable. In school, English literature and history were his favorite studies, but he mastered mathematics with ease. History, he simply absorbed; facts and dates once known, were never forgotten. In the autumn of '72 he entered the University of Michigan, where he was graduated three years later. He returned to Shelbyville, and at once began reading law in his father's office. He was admitted to the Shelby county bar in 1877, and ever since has practiced law there.

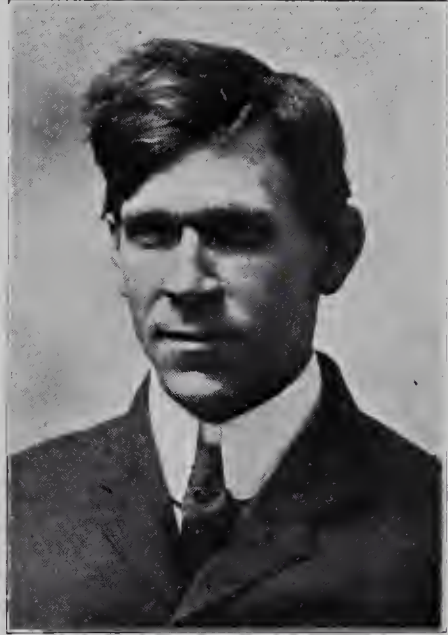
Mr. Major is fifty-two years of age. He looks younger than his years, with his dark hair and blue eyes. In 1883 he married Miss Alice Shaw, a woman of striking personality, and pronounced literary tastes.

His first story, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," was published in 1898 and brought him instant fame and popularity. The consummate skill with which the love story is told, the consistent development of the characters, the cleverness of the dialogue, and the rush and sweep of incident, the dramatic handling of the situations, and above all the forcible directness and effective simplicity of the narrative, at once gave the book its position as one of the most successful historical romances of the decade. His other books are "The Bears of Blue River," "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," "Yolanda," and "A Forest Hearth."

The following quotation is from the last named book: "The evening was balmy, and after a time Dic and Rita walked to the crest of the little slope that fell gently ten or fifteen feet to the water's edge. A sycamore log answered the purpose of a divan, and a great drooping elm furnished a royal canopy. A half-moon hung in the sky, whitening a few small clouds that seemed to be painted on the blue-black dome. The air, though not oppressive, was warm enough to make all nature languorous, and the soft breath of the south wind was almost narcotic in its power to soothe."

Strickland W. Gillilan

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN was born in Jackson county, Ohio in 1869, and his boyhood days were spent on a farm. He attended country school, and began teaching at the age of eighteen. He attended Ohio University, Athens, Ohio, for three years; he left college in 1892 and took a position on the Telegram, of Richmond, Indiana. He had previously done a little newspaper work in Ohio, on weeklies, and had worked as City Editor of papers in Richmond, Indiana. In the meantime he had written "Fin-nigan to Flannigan," a humorous poem in Irish dialect, which made his name widely known. Afterwards, Mr. Gillilan became Managing Editor of the Tribune, published at Marion, Indiana; he was feature writer of Los Angeles Herald until December, 1902, when he went to Baltimore to work on the Baltimore American. He is now doing lyceum, newspaper, and magazine work. His newspaper connection being a long range department on editorial page of the Chicago Daily News.



STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

The greater part of his time is now being spent in lecturing in the principal cities of the United States and Canada, and he is meeting with the success that his talent so deservedly merits.

The following extract is from "Counting the Cost:"

To make one life that's white and good
Fit for this human brotherhood,
Demands the toil of weary years—

And tears

From "Sleep, Little Sweetheart:"

Sleep, little sweetheart, sleep!
Thy time has not yet come
For wakeful nights and low-turned lights
That will some day crush thy home,
But with each new toy and its newer joy
Thou art nearing a time when thy humble home—
But no, my sweet, it is far more meet
Thou shouldst know but the joy till the sorrows come
Sleep, little sweetheart, sleep!

Sleep, little sweetheart, sleep!
Thy breathing soft and low,
Is as sweet to me as ought can be
And 't is joy to me to know
That sometime dear, when thou liest near
Thine own first-born, with its breathing low,
This joy of mine will be joy of thine.
A bliss there may none but a parent know—
Sleep, little sweetheart, sleep!

Harvey Porter Layton

MR. LAYTON was born August 2, 1871, in Warren county, Indiana. He was for a time associate editor of the Lafayette Evening Call, but was obliged, owing to failing health, to give up the work. Mr. Layton's life history is pathetic in the extreme; of this struggle for existence, the Attica Daily Ledger says, "Most people in Western Indiana



HARVEY PORTER LAYTON

and many others know Harvey Porter Layton, the writer and poet, who lived for many years in Southern Warren county. He has not been heard from for three or four years, although formerly in the limelight. He has recently been heard from and in a way that appeals to the best that is in one. He has fought bravely through a long period of years. No brooding over his fate, weakened his body or made him gloomy, and in spite of all he resolved to live a little longer. He wrote for the papers, as correspondent and feature writer; and, now comes some of the best work he ever did. He has taken up the work of the monks of old; he is writing books by hand and illuminating and illustrating them in the same way. These books, individual and absolutely unique, the product of his own handiwork, he is selling. There is not a letter or a mark of any kind in the book that is not the stroke of a pen or pencil. Everything is neat and dainty, and the books are in every way artistic; on a par with the work in the missals made by the ancient monks in feudal monasteries. The contents of the book will probably aggregate ten or twelve thousand words. And the sermon of it all lies in the fact of his persistent effort under the awful burden nature has laid upon him. We grumble at the hard tasks we have set for us each day, we of good or of medium health. Would we have the persistent will and rounded faith this man owns, were our burden as hard as his?"

In 1898 Mr. Layton edited and published "Songs of Hoosier Singers." His poetry has appeared from time to time in the Boston Transcript, Atlanta Constitution, and other well known publications. The following short poem is from the Sunny South:

Before me stretches a shoreless sea
Laving a sunset boundary—
A shoreless, sourceless river;
And as life's silvery billows roll
Around an island in my soul
My heart feels peace forever.

Mrs. Minnie Thomas Boyce

MRS. BOYCE has exhibited a rare talent for the delineation of child character, and her short stories of child life have attracted much favorable attention. She is peculiarly happy in her rendition of her own work along similar lines with Mr. Riley. Most of her verse has been devoted to child life. A few years ago she took a course in English literature at the State University, and is constantly adding to her literary equipment.

Some time ago Mrs. Boyce did some regular work for the Sunday edition of the Chicago Inter-Ocean. This work was prose sketches called "Life in Punkin Holler." Later the Woman's Home Companion published a short story and has since accepted some child dialect verse. Many other magazines have from time to time used her work; she has also contributed editorial bits to her home papers.

Recently the Sunday edition of her home paper, the Star, published a poem, "In Indiana," which attracted so much attention that the editor desires to bring it out again, accompanied with the author's picture.



MINNIE THOMAS BOYCE

It certainly appeals to all Hoosiers. We reproduce the first and last stanzas of this poem:

Down in old Indiana, where people are plain and kind—
Down in old Indiana, the strongest ties that bind.
Are the ties of home and kindred, aye, those are the ones you'll find,
Down in old Indiana.

Strange the hot tears burn, though my eyes are dry.
That out of my heart there should break this cry:
When the last sleep falls, Oh let me die,
Back in old Indiana.

The following three stanzas are from her child dialect poem entitled "A Little Girl's Visit:"

Lee's my Aunt Hattie's boy;—not her own boy;—
He's thest one she raiseded; an' when
He's a wee little bit of a baby,
I guess 'at she tookted him then.

I didn't like a-visitin', very,
'Cause you has to say, "yes, mum" and "please,"
An' "'scuse me," an' "no, sir," an' "thank you."
An' you can't hardly cough, sir, or sneeze.

An' you can't have two dishes of nothin';
Not even ice cream or plum pie.
Freddie said he could put all the vittles
He et, while he's there, in his eye.

Miss Myrtle Conger

THE work of Miss Conger has attracted considerable attention during the past few years. She has been a constant contributor to the Sunday editions of the New York Press for a long time. The Overland Monthly has published many of her sketches, both prose and verse; she has also contributed to many other periodicals.



MYRTLE CONGER

Miss Conger disposes of her poetical pigments with a punctilious delicacy and exactitude of a Praed or a Calverly. She is a beautiful follower of the fixed forms of verse, and is strongly imbued with the idea that each line shall have its corresponding mate of rhyme. There is nothing about her work that shows hurry or indecision, and all roughness has been smoothed away with an elaborate carefulness that proclaims her an artist, if it be the height of art to conceal art. She is never satisfied with her own work, and believes that the sweetest songs are still unsung.

Miss Conger's work is always delightful; an optimistic, hopeful note is always dominant in her poetry and prose sketches, for she writes with equal facility in either form.

Miss Conger's home is in Shelbyville; it is a delightful place of abode, called "The Knoll." It is surrounded by giant pines whose soft susurrations imbues one with the idea that to merely put pen to paper, and poetry is a potential fact.

The following is an extract from a poem "Shakespeare Confounded," that appeared in the New York Press. In these lines rhyme and reason are happily wedded:

When "peerless Madam Patti" made her seventh fare-well tour,
Had she not told us who she was, she might have gone home poor.
If Twain would sign my name (or yours) to his next book of wit
The world might think it serious and forget to laugh at it.
Oh, there's magic in a name that once to fame has grown;
Who would have bought "The Light That Failed" if it had been my own?
In all that once is known as great, 'tis human to concur;
If Kipling's name were signed to this, I'd get one dollar per!

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REPUBLIC."

ERA OF ENLIGHTENMENT

I saw, I saw
In the fullness of time
All the meaning sublime
In the coming of ships from the Orient Sea.
And the bow with its bars,
Set in manifold stars
Was the sign that God wills that all men shall be free.
—JOHN C. OCHILTREE.

Alonzo Rice

THE following sketch is from the Bohemian Magazine: "Among Indiana's gifted sons Alonzo Rice occupies a distinct place.

Having first opened his eyes in a farmhouse in Shelby county, Indiana, in the month of June, 1867; and being born without the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, he doubly deserves for his meritorious accomplishments the generous recognition that has been accorded him by the ablest critics of our time. By dint of hard work and inborn genius, he has rapidly forged to the front, and by the unusual quality of his work has attained a position among American poets seldom vouchsafed one so young.

Mr. Rice's first effort as a poetical writer was made in his seventeenth year. With a reading of Bryant he found a translation from the Portuguese of a sonnet, and was so charmed with that form of verse that he dropped unconsciously into its exacting method without realizing that he was dealing in such difficult literary wares. Since that time, he has made for himself an international reputation as a sonneteer; his efforts along that line having attracted the notice of the most eminent critics in America and Europe.

Mr. Rice is alive to the fact that poetry is the highest standard of literary excellence.

There is a freshness and purity about all this poet's work that suggest the western breezes which help to fan his genius into a flame. Not a line of his contains a questionable sentiment, nor the faintest attempt to enter the land of forbiddenness."

The following is a sample of his work as a sonnet writer:

THE GIFT.

The ship of dawn comes up the Eastern sky!
Each sail is big with promise; in her hold,
Are treasure-troves; Bokhara's finest gold,
Tankards of wine, with robes of Tyrian dye
Perfumed with Khoten musk; no Sybarite's eye
Like splendor saw by Nemi's shores of old,
Nor could Aladdin's lamp such wealth unfold;
Al'burz and Kaf these gems could not supply!
And each receives his gift with words of praise,
For from such largess there are gifts for all;
I bide the last of all this countless throng,
And then turn homeward down the crowded ways,
With happy heart; pressing, lest I let fall,
The priceless boon I crave, the gift of song!



ALONZO RICE

Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson

MRS. THOMPSON is the daughter of Judge R. N. Lamb, of Indianapolis; she was born in Vevay, Switzerland county, Indiana, August 7, 1848. Her mother was the daughter of the talented Julia L. Dumont, one of the early Western writers. Mrs. Thompson's literary talents are varied and all of a high order; she is a ready writer



MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON

of prose and verse. Her poems possess that true lyric quality, and are much sought after by song publishers. It is a well known fact that song-writing is one of the most difficult feats of versification; a song is like a cherry, and ought not to require us to make two bites of it. English literature reckons but few really good song-writers, and when one appears he is hailed with delight. And Mrs. Thompson has had a most hearty welcome extended to her, which proves that genius does not need go begging. She is the author of the following songs: "Christmas by the Tennessee," "Our Glorious Flag," "Come Pledge Your Troth to Mine," "The Price I Ask for Roses," "Indiana Wherever We Wander," "Slumber Sea," "Along the Mo-

hawk's Banks To-Night," "Tell Me So," and "Love's Golden Days."

Mrs. Thompson has been contributing to the magazines and newspapers since 1890. Her short stories are excellent examples of that division of literary work; they have appeared in St. Nicholas, Youth's Companion, Lippincott's, Harper's Young People, and other magazines of like prominence. She is the author of the following volumes of short stories: "The Raising of the Sons of Wooley," and "In the Land of the Banjo and the Fiddle." As a play-wright she has a most enviable reputation; having the following plays to her credit: "Waiting For Her Cue," "A Scion of Royalty," and, "The Fortune Teller and the Dwarf." She has also written "In Lady Land" for the opera.

The following quotation is from "All:"

You who have lived, and hoped, and gloried in the sun
Of Music, Art, Love, Laughter, and of Song—
And worn their diadem,
Been jubilant with them,
And of their alchemy wrought gem on gem,
Dream with them still and claim them every one!

Miss Evaleen Stein

EVALEEN STEIN is a native Hoosier, having been born and always lived in Lafayette. The family of her father, John A. Stein, was originally from Pennsylvania, and that of her mother, Virginia Stein, came from Virginia. Miss Stein was educated in the public schools of Lafayette, and afterward spent awhile in the Art Institute of Chicago. Her first poem was written in 1886 and sent to the Indianapolis Journal, where it was published. For a number of years afterward she continued to contribute poems to various newspapers, but more especially to the Indianapolis Journal. In 1897 Cope-land and Day, of Boston, brought out her first book, a small collection of poems, called "One Way to the Woods." This publishing firm having since gone out of business, the book is now in the hands of Sherman, French and Co., of Boston. In 1898 she wrote her first short story; this with another story written the next year, appeared in St. Nicholas. These two little stories together with two longer ones, not before published, were brought out in book form in 1903 by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis; the volume being called "Troubadour Tales." The year before the same company had brought out her second book of verse, called "Among the Trees Again." Her last book thus far is a story for children, entitled, "Gabriel and the Hour-Book," published two years ago by L. C. Page and Co., of Boston. Some of her poems are included in Stedman's American Anthology, and also in various other collections.



EVALEEN STEIN

"Poets and Poetry of Indiana" says of her poems: "Her love and appreciation of nature, and her skill in descriptive verse, have made her poetry justly popular, and she is today the peer of the best among the poets of natural scenery and conditions."

The following lines are from "Among the Trees Again: "

O generous-natured, friendly, neighbor tree!
Weave gentle blessings in the shade and shine;
And granting gracious patience to my plea,
Some simple lesson of your lore make mine,
Make mine, I pray!
O, be a kindly teacher unto me,
And I'll pour out such worshipful heart-wine,
Not any bird that sings to you all day,
Or nestles to low, leafy lullaby,
Shall hold you in such dear observance, nay,
Nor love you half so tenderly as I.

Benjamin S. Parker

BENJAMIN S. PARKER was born in a "cabin in a clearing" in Henry county, Indiana, February 10, 1833. He was reared upon a farm, and inured to the various toils of clearing away the forests, and fencing and cultivating new fields. He enjoyed such educational opportunities as those early days afforded. Added to the helpful work



BENJAMIN S. PARKER

of the school. Mr. Parker says that his father and mother were both lovers of, and familiar with the best literature and had the habit of reading aloud, so that the home was a school as well as an abiding place. He began teaching before reaching his majority, and was much attached to his work; but the loneliness of his father, after his mother's death, caused him to enter the mercantile business with him. After his father's death, he continued in trade until 1874, when he engaged in the newspaper business. In 1875 he removed to New Castle where he was the editor and manager of the New Castle Mercury until 1882, when he was appointed United States Consul at Sherbrooke, Province of Quebec, Canada; serving as such until 1885. He has held many other important positions of

trust. Mr. Parker is now at the age of seventy-five, well preserved and as active and efficient in intellectual pursuits as ever; he is still a close student and is especially interested in natural history and kindred pursuits. He has published five volumes of verse: *The Lesson and Other Poems*, 1871; *The Cabin in the Clearing*, 1887; *Hoosier Bards and Other Rhymes*, 1891; *Rhymes of Our Neighborhood*, 1895; and, *After Noontide*, 1906. In collaboration with E. B. Heiney, he compiled and edited "*The Poets and Poetry of Indiana*," a representative volume of Indiana verse, which was first published in 1901. He has contributed to the *Century* magazine and many other noted publications.

His poem, *Casco Bay*, that appeared in the *Century* magazine sings itself into the heart. The following representative quotation is from "*A Vernal Vagary*," a poem to the Spring time:

I shall never know the reason,
Why in this delightful season,
Youth returns and age departs;
Why the hand forgets to tremble,
Why our friends no more dissemble
And we read in honest faces
Things that rise from honest hearts.

Mrs. Adelia Pope Branham

ADELIA POPE BRANHAM has the following to say for herself: "I am a Hoosier born and reared, and have lived all my life—or at least since cradlehood-days, and that is as far back as I can remember—in Greenfield, Ind., in the immediate neighborhood of the old Riley homestead. I am so proud of the fact of having been so happily—and permanently—located, that I never miss an opportunity of telling of it."

Mrs. Branham was married to Howard S. Branham in 1885. He was at that time and for several years afterward, in the newspaper business, serving in all departments from "devil's stool" to editorial chair. Mr. Branham founded the first daily paper published in Greenfield, "The Evening Tribune," which is now one of the leading dailies in the State. In the years of Mr. Branham's newspaper work he was ably assisted by his wife, who conducted special departments and also took a private hand in political controversy, just for "the fun of the thing." Her work at this time was anonymous. It was not long, however, until poems from Mrs. Branham's pen began to appear in several Indiana publications, besides the Indianapolis Sentinel, for which she was a regular contributor. She next accepted regular work on Chicago and Eastern magazines. The poem, "Resurgo," which appeared in the Standard, of Cincinnati, and "The Day We Thresh," which was published in the Century Magazine, New York, were her best productions at that time.

Acceding to a request for short stories for young people, Mrs. Branham took up her pen undaunted, and now finds much pleasure in this line of work. She is equally at home in writing short stories for grown-ups.

There are as yet, but two collections of Mrs. Branham's published work. One, "A Daughter of April," prose, from an Eastern publishing company, and a dainty little souvenir book of child-verse, "Grandma Tales and Others."

Rhyme and reason are happily wedded in her poem, "If," in which the following lines are found:

If I were you and you were I,
And we were one another,
How different this old world—oh, my!
If we were all each other.
If I were you I'd stop that frown;
It makes an ugly wrinkle.
I'd simply turn it upside down
And change it to a twinkle.



ADELIA POPE BRANHAM

Granville Mellen Ballard

GRANVILLE MELLEN BALLARD was born in Kentucky, but has lived in Indiana since infancy. He comes of Puritan stock, and delights in tracing his ancestry through many generations, saluting on the way his grandfather who served in the Revolutionary War. His father was a physician whose practice radiated from the village, where the spelling bee was a feature of social life. Hence, he can spell. At the edge of the village stood the forest where the awe-inspiring tulip tree lifted its crown above that of all others. It was in the forest that he learned his first lessons in botany. Hence, he can distinguish the slippery elm from a pin oak.

Mr. Ballard attended the village school until he was fifteen years of age, when he was sent to Asbury College, (now De Pauw University), but left before graduating to accept a position in the Institute for the Blind at Indianapolis. There he was a teacher for six years, and afterward served as acting Superintendent for one year. He carries the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Indiana University.

For eight years, Mr. Ballard was Receiver of the U. S. Land Office for the district of Indiana. This position brought him into communication with owners of lands all over the northwest, and he naturally drifted into the business of buying and selling lands.

When a young man, Mr. Ballard wrote a number of songs for J. P. Webster, a composer of melodies second only to Stephen Foster. One, "The Old Man Dreams," has been on the press of Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, for thirty-five years, and still has a steady sale.

Mr. Ballard has published only one small volume. It is entitled, "Legend of the Big Elm Tree and Other Poems." He says the title poem was given book form to preserve a tradition local to the city where he lives, and the other "poems" were put in for padding; but Mr. Ballard is entirely too modest. "At Seventeen," "The Skipper's Song," "The Dream of His Youth," and others in the volume show that he has touched the strings of a poet's harp with delicacy and precision. "Despondency and Hope," has greater length, and gives personality to optimism and pessimism. If the song of Hope in this production is an index to the author's disposition, then he is a pronounced optimist. The song is in the following strain:

There's a morrow all bright—
There is fruit without blight,
And the mocking-bird sings his sweet song in the night.
The desert has more than one fountain, O Time,
The sunshine encircles the mountain sublime,
And He who pilots the stars in the sky,
Hears the call of the kid and the young raven's cry.

The following lines are the first verse of "At Seventeen:"

Behold, he stands
Where golden sands
And bright-hued shells begirt life's sea;
His full-orbed eye
Reads in the sky
No sign of storm that is to be.

Mrs. J. V. H. Koons

MRS. KOONS, of Muncie, is a musician and the author of several compositions; she is a good critic, and poet. She is an advocate of the idea set forth by Edgar Allen Poe, that a poem should be short. Her logic is set forth very charmingly in verse as follows:

POETRY.

Like to a lily on the lake,
The fairest child of nature,
A poem on our view should break
Complete in every feature,
In music steeped, or sound sense wrought,
That does not lag or totter;
True bards condense vast seas of thought
In one live spring of water.

Her work, which has been published without effort to win recognition, shows that she possesses true poetic feeling and subtle graces of interpretative expression. Her poetry is contemplative, philosophical, and hopeful, and often rises to heights of surprising beauty. She says, "I write when the spirit moves me, and what it moves to write, simply because I like to write."

Her poem "The Passing of June" needs no words of praise. It is as follows:

Asleep in ivory moonlight lie the hills
With all their kine at rest. Scarce stirs the breeze
To cool the fields, or glad the forest trees,
For June is passing and her footfall thrills
Her ancient lover in his dream of bliss;
'Mid pinks and poppies in their lacy frills.
Her roses lift their lips for one last kiss,—
She has no other darling like to these.
In silence fire-flies dance their light quadrilles
O'er marsh and stream where darkest shadows creep.
No sounds, but wails of far off whippoorwills.
Disturb night's story eloquent and deep.
Farewell! In thy fair bowers I watch alone
In worship bowed at Beauty's altar stone.

Following is the last stanza of a little poem entitled "Doubt:" .

But through years of groping blindly
Thou hast been my faithful friend,
Prompting me to somewhat higher,
Standing by me in the end.
Still with cautious eyes upon me,
Eyes that say, "Dare not, nor do
Aught thy whole heart does not sanction;
To thy inmost soul be true."



MRS. J. V. H. KOONS

Lee O. Harris

POETS and Poetry of Indiana says, "Lee O. Harris, the veteran educator and poet was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, January 30, 1839, and removed with his parents to Indiana in 1852. In the fall of 1857 he entered upon his career as a teacher, teaching his first term in Fountaintown, Shelby county. He has adhered to



LEE O. HARRIS

his profession ever since, and for more than forty years has been one of the State's most capable and valued educators. He served through the war as a volunteer soldier, rising to the rank of captain. He is also a printer and editor, and was one of the founders of the Home and School Visitor. His home has been almost constantly in Greenfield since the war, and he is at present county superintendent of the schools of Hancock county. To the world he is known by the wonderful sweetness and melody of his poetry. He has published but two volumes: "The Man Who Tramps," a story of vagabond life, in 1878; and a collection of his poems entitled "Interludes," in 1893."

One of the sweetest poems in any language is his production entitled "The Rose-tree," of which these lines form the first stanza:

I can not but think there is something amiss,
I envy no man his possessions, God knows!
But it seemeth to me there is justice in this:
Who owneth the rose-tree should gather the rose

From "The Battle of the Winds and Corn:"

But when the birds in the woodland bowers
Awaken on vine and tree,
The winds blew into the trumpet flowers,
And sounded the reveille;
And their stragglers hurried to and fro,
To plunder the clover blooms
While the marshalled hosts in the vale below
Stood tossing their knightly plumes.

For undismayed in their battle line
Was the host of the valiant corn,
And their hearts were strong with the dewy wir
From the rosy cup of morn.
Ten thousand swords, all dashing bright
Were drawn for the coming fray
Ten thousand pennons were dancing light
In the glow of the dawning day.

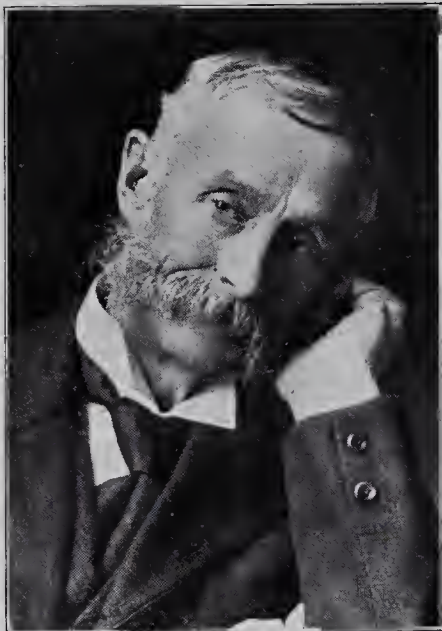
Edwin S. Hopkins

PROF. HOPKINS, of Jeffersonville, is one of Indiana's most gifted sons. He has not only made himself famous as an educator, but also as a poet. His contributions to the press have been many and scholarly, always giving evidence of the intuitions of a well-directed and wholesome genius. Prof. Hopkins's best work is contained in his longer poems; but many of his shorter flights take rank with the best contemporary verse. Thus far he has led a deservedly successful career, and the appreciative public may well hope for a continuation and growth of his gifts.

There is a delicate Keat's like touch in the following sonnet:

THE CICADA.

Ambushed assassin of the silences
Where midnoons languish thro' midsummer's swoon,
While soft and low, in drowsy monotone,
The cricket pipes to crooning mantises,
Like jangling chords upon discordant keys
Thy sudden dagger stabs the quiet noon
Till summer's soothing lullabies attune
Their rasping notes to thy hoarse cadences.
Hilarious bandit, animated sound,
The ebb and flow of breezy tidal waves,
Where all sweet thoughts harmonious are drowned.
And midges drone above their billowy graves
To him whose soul is thrilled with joy like thine—
Both harmony and discord are divine.



EDWIN S. HOPKINS

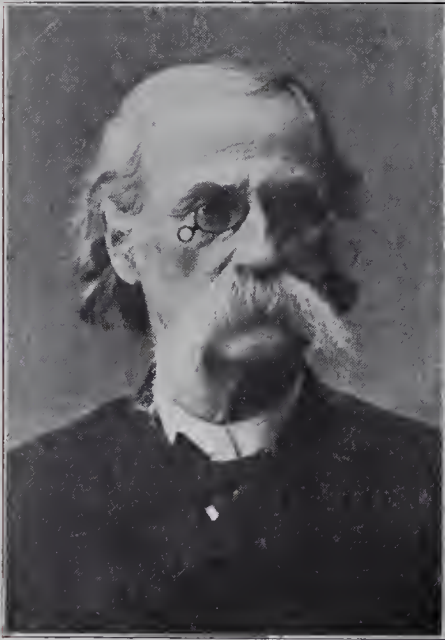
Silas B. McManus

Silas B. McManus was born in Rootstown, Ohio, September 17, 1845. In 1863 he removed with his parents to Lima, Indiana, and settled on "Marsh Brook Farm," where he still resides. He studied medicine and was graduated at the Medical College of Michigan University, but he never practiced. As an author, he has written largely for Puck, Boston Transcript, Independent, and many other literary publications. His "Rural Rhymes" appeared in 1898. Mr. McManus is probably best known as the author of "Fot Would You Take for Me?" a tender child-poem of which the following is the opening stanza:

She was ready for bed and lay on my arm,
In her little frilled cap so fine,
With her golden hair falling out at the edge,
Like a circle of noon sunshine.
And I hummed the old tunes of "Banbury cross,"
And "Three men who put out to sea,"
When she sleepingly said, as she closed her blue eyes,
"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

Elijah Evan Edwards

THE REV. DR. EDWARDS was born in Delaware, Ohio, January 26, 1831. He received such preliminary education as could be obtained at that early day, and in 1846 entered the preparatory department of the Indiana Asbury University at Greencastle, Indiana; graduating from the College of Arts in 1853, and receiving the degree of



ELIJAH EVAN EDWARDS

A. M. three years later. He received the degree of Ph. D. in 1877 from the same college, its name having been changed meanwhile to DePauw University. He chose teaching as his profession, and served three years as Professor of Ancient Languages in Brookville College, and two years Professor of Ancient Languages in Hamline University. During the latter two years of the civil war he served as Chaplain of the Seventh Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, and was present at the battles of Tupelo and Nashville; at the storming of Spanish Fort, and the capture of Mobile. He was mustered out of service at the close of the war, and removing to St. Louis, was for seven years assistant editor of Central Christian Advocate. He then re-

turned to his educational work and served seven years as Professor of Natural Science at McKendree College, during which period he conducted two Scientific Expeditions to Colorado.

Mr. Edwards has filled many other important positions, and his life has been a very busy one, but he has found time to write many charming poems. He says, "I too once dwelt in Arcady, but have appeared so infrequently in the newspapers of late years, and have become so much of a reminiscence, and have besides never published a book, or figured conspicuously except as a College poet at Alumni reunions that I marvel how you found me out. I have lived a laborous life in other fields, and have only trained my Pegasus for such occasions as the Alumnal Reunions to which I have alluded."

The following lines introduce his poem, "The Poet: "

Though he may claim no palace gay and gilded,
To no soft couch his weary limbs be given;
Yet in the sunlit clouds his home is builded,
And curtained with the tapestry of heaven.

* * * * *

However rude his lot, however lowly.
He makes it paradise, and evermore
Basks in the sunlight, pure, serene and holy,
Lark-like, his highest joy to sing and soar.

Mrs. Bessie Johnson Bellman

BESSIE JOHNSON BELLMAN is a native of Indiana, having been born on the banks of the Wabash. She is small in stature, of deep insight and warm personality. Her verse is a spontaneous expression, almost as impromptu as bird songs. She, with her husband and two beautiful children, reside in Winfield, Kansas, where Mrs. Bellman is best known as a public lecturer; "Day Break," "Aladdin's Lamp," and "Self Discovery," being some of her most popular subjects.

Mrs. Bellman sometimes says, "It was well to be born in Indiana in the early seventies, when a psychic spell seemed to brood over childhood; so many sweet singers of Nature's melodies date from that and the succeeding decade. Inestimable are its consequences."

Among her friends she numbers some of the truly great of the age, and when young aspirants seek her advice relative to entering the literary life she always says, "Do your best. It more than pays. For a thousand heartaches will bloom a lasting joy. Work for the good working will do you, and some day the world will cherish your expression as a precious thing." The following lines are from "My Native Woods: "



BESSIE JOHNSON BELLMAN

Dear native woods, your well-loved haunts
Have soothed me o'er and o'er, and quelled desire
So strong and hopeless that it rent like pain.
Your benediction entered my sad soul
When first I heard your woodland melodies,
And felt the solitude that flung its cloak
Of close protection round me.

* * * * *

But spring will come again! and losing naught,
But rather gaining by your lesson learned
Of calm endurance, shall your beauty grow,
Fed by the gentle influence of soft, warm showers
And golden sunshine, filtered lovingly
Through your dark boughs, and dripping down
Up on the teeming earth. And, lo!
The violet, the wind flower, and the fern
And all the beauties of the dawning year
Answer their sovereign's call!

Flora Williams Wood

FLORA WILLIAMS WOOD was born near Niles, Mich., February 9, 1873. She was a pupil of the Elkhart Schools in 1885, and in 1890 a student of the Northern Indiana Normal School at Valparaiso, Ind.

She was an exceptional student of literature, and won seven different prizes in spelling contests. She began her career as a teacher at the



FLORA WILLIAMS WOOD

age of sixteen, teaching the first term of school at Five Points, Mich., in 1889. She held a teacher's license for both Michigan and Indiana, and for six years was successful in her work.

Mrs. Wood has decided literary taste, and her work as a writer has reached a high mark of excellence, always clear in expression and noble in purpose. She is a frequent contributor to magazines and various periodicals, and promises to become a very successful novelist; among her productions are, "Rhymes at Random," "Golden Opinions," "Woodbury," "Dorothy Grey," "The Truth of Things," "My Story," "Eddie Wilson's Wife,"

"Charlotte's and Ned's Letters," "A Vase of Roses," "An October Romance," "A Christmas Surprise," "Sunnybrook," "A Crimson Rose," and "Omar De Wee."

In the near future Mrs. Wood expects to devote her time to writing a serial story, dealing with the character and life of the southern folk in the mountains of West Virginia. Her story will be called "On the Divide," and will be most characteristic and interesting.

An admirer of her work has written the following appreciation of her:

"In her quiet and unassuming way, but with the success that accompanies true genius, Mrs. Flora Williams Wood of Elkhart is making for herself an enviable reputation in the literary world. Her ardent love of nature, of which she is a close student, coupled with unusual gift in the world of letters and a mind developed by a liberal education, gives her a prestige that many envy but few possess.

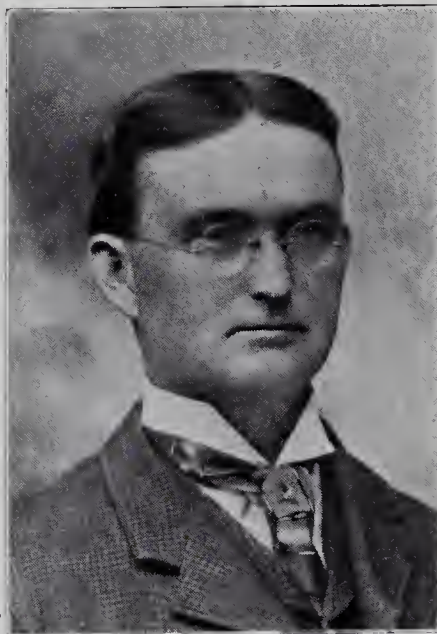
"Surrounded by everything that is lovely in nature in her beautiful suburban home, 'Maplewood Farm,' on Cassopolis Road, where she spends her summers, she finds inspiration for her work and one is always made better by seeing through her eyes the beautiful things which God has given us in Nature."

Franklin H. Clevenger

FRANKLIN H. CLEVINGER resides at Columbus, Indiana; among his numerous achievements in the literary field he is the author of a book of verse entitled, "The Lost Charm and Other Poems." Mr. Clevenger is pre-eminently nature's poet; interpreting for men her many moods in the music of meter and link of rhyme. With the indefinable power of genius he quickens our perceptions to the beauty of woods, water, hills, dales, skies, and presents the message of the magic summer world, the icy beauty of winter, the sunlight that God pours out to us, and the mystery of human sympathy and love in verse that is breathed forth like perfume or sound.

Mr. Clevenger is a creator; he touches the common things of life and lo! the longing gaze of man is glorified as though from the light of a thousand suns had been sifted the richer, softer hues.

Our author is an optimist, and for that reason he has an important mission in this world. This is evidenced by these opening lines in his poem entitled "Every Cloud Is Lined With Gold."



FRANKLIN H. CLEVINGER

"Every cloud is lined with gold,"
By truthful sages we are told.
Though dark and gloomy everywhere,
The gold is there! The gold is there!
It may not be our lot to see
The gold as pure as gold can be,
Because we look with unclean eyes,
We see but trouble in the skies.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Untroubled as the sea when storms are o'er,
Bless'd as a benediction, heaven-sent,
Serenely happy in his calm content,
Is Age, who comes and does not leave us more.
Most great his dear-bought wisdom, sweet his store
Of tender mem'ries of dear days long spent;
The hard-learned lessons, glad with bitter blent,
Seem now most precious of life's treasured lore.
And what though proud hopes died in embryo?
And what though eyes were oftentimes blind with tears?
'T was life, and just to live is good, and so
The loving, hoping, striving—each appears
Full worth the price; and Age, with head bowed low
And thankful heart, looks back o'er shining years.
—ETHEL BOWMAN.

J. Morris Widdows

MR. WIDDOWS has a well-known reputation in the most difficult realm of literature, that of song-writing. He is a resident of Connersville, and was born and reared among the hills of South Eastern Indiana, and belongs to us by right of birth and succeeding citizenship. He learned early in his apprenticeship to Euterpe, the Muse of



J. MORRIS WIDDOWS

lyric poetry, that "the song being necessarily of brief compass, the writer must have powers of condensation. He must possess ingenuity in the management of meter. He must frame it of open vowels, and he must be content sometimes to sacrifice grandeur or vigor to the necessity of selecting singing words and not reading ones." To the close application to, and the following of, this maxim Mr. Widdows owes his success. He writes his own words and composes his own music; here is where one constitutes a successful company, and where two fail.

Mr. Widdows began writing verses and composing the music for them about six years ago. His poems first appeared in the local press, and now his efforts are eagerly sought after by the metropolitan press. Readers of the Indianapolis News frequently come across a choice bit of humorous verse from the pen of Mr. Widdows.

Of his method of composition, and inspiration, he writes to a friend: "Out where one lives the simple home life, amid the beautiful scenes with the spirit of Nature, where despite the thorns that must give pain, we gather the dew-drenched roses; where sense, soul, and brain are charmed with sweet music of the song-birds,—there, and there only, at Nature's University, is where I am taking life's graduating course."

He has published the following songs: "Take Me Back to My Indiana Home," 1903; "Those Indian Summer Days," 1904; "On the Banks of Old White Water," and, "Papa Dad," 1907. He has also composed music for several other lyrics beside his own. He published a volume of verse, "Rainy Day Poems," in 1902.

The following lines are from his beautiful poem, "Down White-water Valley: "

There's a valley where the sunshine flooding down its golden light,
Where the moon shines in its splendor through the sycamores at night
And a bright and sparkling river, gently gliding to the sea,
On whose banks I played in childhood, in the days that used to be.

G. Henri Bogart

DR. BOGART was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, October 26, 1857. He attended school at Mt. Airy, graduating at the age of twelve. He then removed to the banks of the Wabash where he learned a trade, taught school, railroaded, studied medicine and was married, all before he was twenty-one years old.

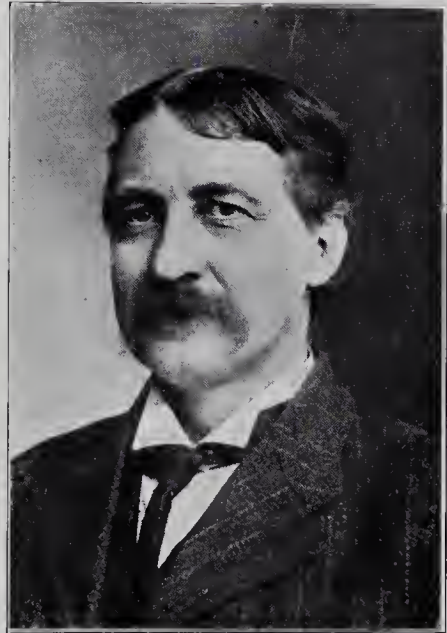
He has been coroner of his county for fourteen years, and although he has steadfastly refused to practice medicine, he is on the staff of several medical journals, and is a graduate of two schools. He has kept most of his poems "to ripen," as he calls it, although he uses a number of them in his lectures. He has published no book himself, though some of his friends not liking his reticence, brought out "Some Songs by An Optimist," a few years ago. His writings are principally published in magazines and newspapers, and so long as the theme has gone out with its appeal he is satisfied. Indeed, he frequently does not read nor file what he has published.

Old Brookville appeals to something that makes men dream dreams, and he has a quaint, wide home in the edge of that historic town; a home hidden in roses and woodbine, with the laughing, leaping river singing through its garden, and the free wild song birds winging through its greenery. The acquiring of that home and the education of his children have engrossed his attention for the past few years.

The following delicate morceau is from the poem, "Pearls: "

Pearls grow only from a paining
Firmly clasped to inmost heart:
Worth's worth just the cost of gaining;
Love were not, were not Grief's smart.

Still! the shellfish looks to heaven
That its pain to pearl may grow.
Seizing sunbeams, and the seven
Hues, the rainbow arches know,
With white Luna's milder glory
Softly run in lines between
Waved, to tell with zephyr's story,
Of the star-gleamed ripples' sheen.



G. HENRI BOGART

Ethel Black Kealing

ETHEL BLACK KEALING is a Hoosier by birth, being born and reared in the country, near the city of Indianapolis; is a descendant of an old English family, who were famed for their literary talent—from this line of ancestors the young authoress seeks inspiration in her work. The English characteristics form a strongly dominant indi-



ETHEL BLACK KEALING

vidualism, which stand out in her essays. A student of science, enjoying the scientific writings of our broad scientists—a great admirer of the French philosopher and writer, Voltaire, and Michael Faraday, the English physicist.

Miss Kealing is a lover of violin music, and is one of the many scholars of the new language Esperanto: being a member of the American Esperanto Association. The authoress holds a varied interest in all the questions of the day: is a lover of Nature and is fond of all outdoor sports—being a skilled horsewoman. Her first production being an inspiration received while enjoying a horseback ride, alone in the country.

Among the following publications her works have been found: The Popular Magazine, Suggestion, The Occident, The Business Woman, The Sunshine Journal, The National Missionary Journal, and a number of local papers.

Her verses are found under her pen name, Jonathan Parker and her essays under her own name.

The following quotation illustrates her work:

Speak'st thou to this mad world to be pitiful, to grieve us not—voice thy
Invocation of blessing: teach mortal to entomb grief in the great mausoleum of
The past: to resurrect hope of joys, which like the great unknown, lie onward!

INSPIRATION.

A thought has fallen from the skies;
Dim, saintly pure, above the throng
That toils unheeded 'mid earth's wrong,
It floats, unseen of mortal eyes,
Beyond our yearnings and our cries,
A wraith that would embody song,
Or glow in beauty rare and strong,
If cast in other guise.
Oh, though of spirit grand and free,
Whose glance can pierce the blue,
Reveal the heavenly mystery,
For God's own thoughts that pulsate through
Infinitudes of azure sea,
Were powerless all, except for thee.

—ELIZABETH E. FOULK.

Mrs. Esther Nelson Karn

MRS. KARN was born in DeKalb county, and so belongs to Indiana by right of birth. She is the author of two books of poems, "Snow Flakes," and "Violets." A perusal of these books furnishes abundant proof that song is not partial to the land of the mockingbird and bowers of roses. Indeed, there is a refreshing aroma that arises from each page, and from each cup-shaped scroll some brown-cheeked visitant of field or wood is seen to peep.

And then we know that there are no savannas as fair as those that stretch away in the poet's imagination; no streams as fair as those that sparkle over golden sands and sing in liquid notes through dusky forest-lands.

Mrs. Karn says of herself in "Poets and Poetry of Indiana:" My first recollections are of a sunny spot in De Kalb county, Indiana—a country home nestled among the trees, not far from which sparkled the cool limpid waters of the Old St. Joe, of which we all love to sing. There my first lessons were learned, and, after taking the course in the Hicksville High School and one year of teaching there, I married and came to Fort Wayne, where, for eleven years, I have occupied my time as book-keeper in my husband's music store—and in writing verses."

That Mrs. Karn is in love with Old Mother Earth may be inferred from her poem, "Nature's Love Song." It is as follows:

"Love me a little," a raindrop said,
As it fell where a violet drooped her head
And out from the depths of her moss retreat
The violet lifted her face to meet
His rainbow glances and kisses sweet.

"Love me a little," a June rose said,
Standing alone in a garden bed.
And a sunbeam slipped from Apollo's breast.
The rose in beauteous crimson drest,
Then lay on her golden heart to rest.

* * * * *

"Love me a little,"—It seems so long
Since my heart first echoed the plaintive song.
Does your heart beat to the music, dear?
I listen, and listen, but can not hear.



ESTHER NELSON KARN

Jethro C. Culmer

MR. CULMER was born in March, 1855, at Orangeville, Indiana. He has been in the railroad business since 1872, working in the various departments; at present he is station agent for the Pennsylvania Company at Spencer, Indiana. He states, "Such education as I have has come from a strong desire to know all about everything and if I should



JETHRO C. CULMER

live to be a thousand years old, I feel that I can nearly accomplish it. I have written chiefly sonnets, some seventy of which have been printed in the newspapers. That form has appealed to me because one must go to the bottom of his subject to produce a satisfactory sonnet. Sometime I shall doubtless publish a volume. Success as a public writer, however, has never seemed essential to my happiness, and I am very well satisfied with the estimate placed upon my work by those who know."

His poetry is characterized by its careful finish, and his sonnets have attracted attention of critics as excellent examples of that form of versification. There is no other form of verse to which those who assail the blockhouse of letters turn

to with greater delight than the sonnet, that mighty vehicle of thought in which Milton asks "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?" They learn in high school that it contains fourteen lines, and the only accessories necessary to complete the crime are a pencil and a sheet of bond paper cut sonnet size. From the work of such writers it is certainly a relief to turn to the artistic sonnets of Mr. Culmer. Among his many sonnets, a favorite one is entitled, "Summer," and is as follows:

Grant me the thought of Summer, when she keeps
Her dear June vigil over nesting things
And optimistic greenness—when she brings
The darkling fernbanks in the forest deeps
A boon of campion stars; or lurks and leaps
In cloud and ray, and ripening essence flings
On July fields; or, done with ministerings,
Lies down beneath the windy trees and sleeps.
Eastward, in Eden, at the dawn of grace
Her charm was chiefest. The unpracticed eyes
Of Adam gathered his first thrill from her.
The art that knows her not grows commonplace.
Mother of ethics, she—light of the wise
And sweet companion, whom true hearts prefer.

Clara Vawter

CLARA VAWTER was born in Boone county, Virginia, September 25, 1873. She removed to Greenfield, with her parents when she was quite a child. She graduated from the Greenfield High School. Her principal work is "Of Such is the Kingdom." A writer said of her, "Too much cannot be said in praise of the literary ability of Miss Vawter. She is natural, modest and unassuming in her writings and it may be said that this is one of the reasons of her success as a writer and for the enthusiastic way in which her work has been received." The illustrations were by her brother, Mr. Will Vawter, and they fulfil their mission—they illustrate. We see the genuine child attitude, unconscious as a bird or a bee; the artless turn of the head, and turn-in of the toes, the girl's funny little pigtail and her round-cornered apron, the boy's home-cut hair and home-made trousers.



CLARA VAWTER

Miss Uva Hickman Poole



UVA HICKMAN POOLE

UVA H. Poole is a niece of Mrs. J. V. H. Koons elsewhere represented in this work. She resides in Muncie, and although a young writer, there is a true poetic ring about her work that is attracting much favorable attention.

The following lines form the first two stanzas of a very beautiful poem entitled "The Clock:"

Still the wall-sweep hangs in the hall,
Still its message is told to all:

"Tick-tock, watch, wait!
All things will come,
Be it soon or late!
Tick-tock, watch, wait! "

Ever the Springtimes come and go,
Autumns, with their golden glow;
And Age and Youth move through the years.
Heedless of the message the old clock bears:

"Tick-tock, watch, wait!
All things will come,
Be it soon or late!
Tick-tock, watch, wait! "

TO OUR READERS



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We wish to acknowledge the courtesy of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, in permitting us to use the Riley Poem and in giving us valuable information concerning some of the authors mentioned.

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